

WIDOWERS REVENGE.

It was the most exciting adventure I ever had in my life. I am an enthusiastic bicyclist, but the incident I am about to relate considerably damped my ardor for a time. It happened several years ago on an August bank holiday.

I was riding through a beautiful part of one of the southern counties, and had gone off from the main road into a series of long and pleasant lanes. When the ground was in sufficiently good condition I always liked to get off the beaten track of other cyclists.

I had no knowledge of the direction in which I was going, and I did not much care, as the scenery was so delightful and solitary. However, after I had gone several miles without passing a finger-post, a house or an individual, I thought it prudent to ascertain my bearing at the first opportunity.

Suddenly, on turning a corner, I came upon a charming old cottage lying back a little from the road, from which it was separated by a low brick wall, and a garden gay with a profusion of familiar flowers. A man was hurrying down the path to the little gate that opened into the road, and I jumped off my bicycle to speak to him.

"Where will this lane take me, please?" I said.

"Step inside a moment," was the reply.

Thinking that he contemplated showing me the position on a map, I followed him into the house. He led me into a snug little parlor that was very simply but tastefully furnished, the window of which overlooked the little front garden. After leaving me for a few minutes, he returned and, to my surprise, looked the door on the inside and placed the key in my pocket.

As he turned and faced me, I saw that I was in the presence of a tall, strongly built man, some thirty-five years of age. There was a slight bend in his figure, a sprinkle of gray in his black beard, and a solemn, far-away look in his deep-set eyes that told of some great trouble through which he had passed.

"So you are a cyclist?" he said, and there was a bitter sneer in his deep voice.

"Yes," I replied, "cycling is a great source of pleasure to me."

"Pleasure!" he exclaimed. "Is pleasure lawful when obtained at the cost of other people's lives? I consider you murderers, every one of you. Listen!"

"Five years ago I was married to the most beautiful and the most amiable woman in the world. You doubt it?" he shrieked, striking his fist on the oak table between us, though I had not uttered a word or consciously shown any expression of dissent.

"I tell you I have traveled a good deal in my time, though I am yet but a young man, and I never saw her equal in goodness or looks. When we were married all men were jealous of me, sought my wife's society, and tried to win her smiles from me. So I bought this cottage and brought her down here, and we were completely happy in one another's love. Everything I touch and everything I look at reminds me of her. Oh, how we loved one another!"

"Nearly two years of wedded bliss and then—and then she was snatched from me—murdered! Yes, ruthlessly

that he meant to take my life—that he was mad. His great grief had unhinged his mind in his solitude. What should I do? Escape seemed impossible, I glanced at the door and he read my thoughts.

"Yes, it is locked," he said, "and the key is in my pocket. You cannot escape me."

I crept backwards toward the fireplace and made a sudden dive downwards for the poker. In an instant he sprang on me like a tiger, and got one hand on my throat. In the struggle the poker was hurled across the room and rolled out of sight under an old bureau. Then we closed in a terrible wrestle for supremacy, and in reeling along the floor both stumbled over a chair and fell heavily to the ground.

We managed after a while to regain our feet, and disengaging myself from his grasp, I contrived to get the table between us. We stood for a moment gasping for breath and glaring at each other.

Then I saw he was fumbling with his hand at the table drawer. He suddenly drew out a long bladed carving knife, and for some minutes we dodged one another around the table. But I was too alert for him, and after several unsuccessful attempts to close with me he savagely hurled the terrible weapon at my head. The knife whizzed past my ear, making a very slight cut, and stuck quivering in the wooden wainscot.

A plan now occurred to me. Seizing a favorable opportunity, I threw all my strength on the table, and, pushing it along the floor, jammed him against the wall behind him. Here I held him pined and groaning with pain. My shouts, meanwhile, for help had been futile, for he had taken the precaution on my arrival, to send his only servant to the village.

It was impossible to hold my position long. My strength was giving out, and I saw that my assailant was gradually freeing himself. I therefore had recourse to a new stratagem. I waited until he was exerting considerable force on the table, and then, with a sudden jerk, drew it away. He fell forward and his head struck the table violently, half stunning him.

In a moment I dashed to the window, threw it open, and vaulted into the garden. Jumping over the low wall, I seized my bicycle. But the madman was close at my heels, and as I mounted my machine he dragged a loose brick from the top of the wall and threw it at me with such precision that if I had not seen his movement, and dipped my head in time, it must infallibly have dashed out my brains. As it was, it just grazed my scalp.

Once mounted I was soon whirling down the lane at a high speed, with the madman chasing me as fast as his legs would carry him. I was just congratulating myself on my escape, when I saw to my dismay that the lane ended a short distance ahead, with a closed gate. Putting on the brake and slackening speed, I managed, with great care, to avoid a smash-up and alight at the gate, which led into a wide meadow.

On the opposite side of the meadow was a gate leading into another field rather smaller, and apparently skirted by a lane. This gate I vaulted, but, unluckily, in doing so I sprained my left ankle. This was a terrible misfortune, for every step I took caused me excruciating pain, and I could barely limp along.

The man behind had not failed to notice my accident, and as he rapidly gained on me, a short laugh or grunt of delight reached my ears. I saw there was no hope, and that soon we should be in the grip of death.

I was within twenty yards of a stile leading into the lane and shouted for help as well as I was able with my scant breath, but all was quiet and deserted. No help was at hand. In desperation and agony I struggled forward, with the short gasps of my pursuer becoming momentarily more audible. He was now within a few feet of me, and I was just preparing to turn and face his attack when I felt his hand strike my shoulder, and heard him fall with a groan and a heavy thud on the grass. He must have caught his foot in something and stumbled.

This gave me a temporary advantage, of which I did not fail to avail myself, and I reached the stile in safety. On getting over it I looked back and to my surprise saw the man still lying stretched at full length face downward on the grass. There was no movement whatever. Had he fainted? It could not be a pretense to allure me back, for he could have caught me with ease in the lane.

In a moment I decided to make the best of my opportunity and bind him hand and foot before he recovered consciousness. I rapidly tied his feet together with my pocket handkerchief, and took hold of his hands with the intention of securing them also. But I now discovered at a glance that these precautions were unnecessary. The poor fellow was quite dead.

A Volcano That Spouts Water. One of the greatest natural curiosities in Central America is the volcano de aqua, or water volcano, which is situated in Guatemala, about twenty-five miles southwest of the capital. Its apex is 14,450 feet above the level of the sea, and cultivated fields and forest trees extend almost to its summit. It occasionally vents forth torrents of pure, cold water. In 1899 an "eruption" of this kind inundated the northern valley and destroyed a whole village situated on the side of the peak.

The paper stockings now manufactured in Germany are said to be a great preventative of colds.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Items of Interest About Topeka People and Visitors in Town.

A picnic party at Garfield park Saturday evening in honor of Miss Hattie Gilbert of Grantville included the following young people: Misses Daisy Sampson, Leon Davis, Mary Barkley, Nellie Cross, May and Edith Davis; Messrs. Carl and Oscar Osborne, Will Bowen, Otis Allen, A. C. McKernan and Fred Frost.

Miss May Gordon spent Sunday in Kansas City.

Mrs. J. J. Frey and children and Mrs. Belle Small have gone to Colorado.

Mrs. C. H. Morrison has returned from Chicago.

E. Bennett has returned from a business trip in the east.

Miss Devina, Ralph and Stewart Boyd have returned from a visit in Chicago.

The cash boys of Stevenson & Co. will give a picnic at Garfield park tonight.

Mrs. T. H. Bruce of Augusta, Kans., and Mrs. J. E. Newlee of Kansas City are visiting Miss Belle Bruce.

E. C. Lewis spent Sunday in Kansas City.

Miss Maud Larimer will entertain a few friends this evening.

Miss Maggie Neuhum has returned from a visit in Greyville, Ill.

Mrs. C. W. Kouns and children will leave tomorrow for Denver.

Miss Mollie Crane will return today from a visit in Otago City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Howard have returned from a visit in Horton.

Miss Myra Williams has returned from Green Lake, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Slattinger will leave Wednesday for Las Cruces, N. M., and will stop in Colorado on their return.

Miss Lillian Reeves, who has been the guest of Miss Anna Campbell, returned to Trinidad, Col., today.

Mrs. B. T. Payne and Mrs. Dr. Ashmore will attend the dance at the Indian reservation tonight.

Ned Osborne has returned from Chicago.

Miss Edith Wright of Chicago is visiting Mrs. Robert Lowrie, at 6-8 Jefferson street.

Miss Helen Holman will go to New York Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Connor and daughter Edna left today for Denver.

Mrs. C. N. Wilson and daughter Hazel will leave tomorrow for a three weeks' visit in Virginia, Neb.

Mr. John Sheehan has postponed his trip to Colorado.

J. M. Knight was in Kansas City yesterday.

H. Howard will leave tomorrow for a trip through California and Mexico.

Miss Hattie Gilbert, of Grantville, is the guest of Miss Daisy Simpson.

Misses Gertrude Devereux and Susie Gay spent yesterday in Lawrence.

Mrs. D. H. Johnson left today for a visit in Emporia.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Fessler and daughter, Mr. Willis Norton and daughter have gone to Mackinac Island.

Mrs. Frank Waggoner is visiting her parents in Burlington.

Mrs. L. L. Goodwin is ill at her home in Abundance.

Miss Edna Greenmore of Olathe will attend the Low party Thursday evening.

Miss Jennie Price is in Arizona.

Mrs. Will Smith of Chicago, and children are the guests of Mrs. E. A. Austin.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Reed are spending the week in Kansas City.

Will Jones, of Kansas City and Ed McDonald spent yesterday at Carbondale.

Sax Cohen of Kansas City, formerly of Topeka, is visiting his brother, L. M. Cohen.

John Buchanan will go to Mill creek on a fishing expedition this week.

The Pensee club will meet Thursday evening at the home of Misses Alice and Sarah Deisher, on West Fifth street.

Mrs. Peter Nelson and Mrs. J. C. Vandenberg, have gone to Colorado, to visit friends.

John A. Beynon, of South Milwaukee, Wis., who has been visiting his brother, E. C. Beynon, 302 Fifth street, for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Walter E. Joslyn and Ed L. King, will leave tomorrow for a short visit in Chicago.

There were several fishing parties at Wakarusa yesterday.

Mrs. L. Joslyn is quite ill.

Mrs. Thos. E. Johnson of Cincinnati, is visiting relatives in the city.

Miss Mary Hartwell has gone to Cascade, Colorado.

A Card from Dr. McCaskey.

To the Editor of the STATE JOURNAL.

Please make the following correction of an article in your Saturday's edition. No investigation of the asylum has been ordered; I have received no notice of formal charges having been preferred against me; I have not been asked to resign. The board adjourned Saturday at 8 p. m. and will not meet again until July 30 at Winfield in regular session.

J. H. McCaskey.

A Thoughtful Person

consults his best interests by having a box of Krause's Headache Capsules at hand; taken as directed will prevent or stop any kind of a headache, no matter what the cause, in fact if your skull was cracked it would prevent pain.

Sold by all druggists.

Colorado and Returns \$15.

Tickets on sale July 21, 22 and 23, via the Great Rock Island route.

ES2 calls up the Peerless

Watch

Althen & McManus' window 610 Kas. av.

Peerless Steam Laundry—Peerless Steam Laundry.

Good work done by the Peerless.

Watch

Althen & McManus' window 610 Kas. av.

Webb & Harris, druggists, Bennett's Flats

Prescott & Co. will remove to No. 11 West Eighth this month.

Read the "Wants." Many of them are as interesting as news items. See if it is not so.

The New Vestibled Train Service.

Via Chicago & Grand Trunk, Grand Trunk, and Lehigh Valley Railways, between Chicago and New York & Philadelphia, via the famous St. Clair Tunnel, Niagara Falls, and the beautiful Susquehanna, Wyoming and Lehigh Valleys, known as the "Switzerland of America," offers elegant appointments and is the most picturesque route connecting these leading cities. Train leaves Dearborn Station, Chicago, daily 8:10 p. m.

Shirts mended by the Peerless.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

THE SAME THING DAY IN AND DAY OUT FOR THE VETERANS.

A Visit to the Soldiers' Home in Washington—Wants of a Man Who Doesn't Know What He Wants—A Resignation That Passeth Understanding.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 19.—"It's the sameness of it, sir; the sameness of it. Just the same thing day in and day out all the year round, and you can't tell—oh, a man that has the variety that you have can't tell how awfully tired a fellow gets of just eating three times a day and walking just so much and lying down and getting up and buttoning and unbuttoning. Most of the boys have lost their purpose in life; and many suffer from old wounds, but the great trouble, sir, is the sameness, every fellow feeling that he has nothing to look forward



to. He's provided for, and that's all. Say what you will, sir, there's no wanting like the wanting of a man who doesn't know what he wants and does know there's never a chance to get it."

A Delightful Retreat.

In these words an intelligent veteran of 70 years gave me his explanation of the prevalence of suicide at the Soldiers' home. We stood by the beautiful lake in which several of the inmates have drowned themselves. The day was beautiful beyond description. A soft south wind gently stirred the foliage of the magnificent forests. The sky was but lightly flecked with heavy clouds, and looking on the soothing beauty of the grounds it seemed unreasonable to suppose that corroding care should find the place in such a paradise.

From various points on the southern slopes the outlook is full and free, and one may overlook the whole valley of the eastern branch of the Potomac and beyond it take in a beautiful picture of the eastern hills. From the point of view the land falls off in a gentle slope and ridges toward the city, and this long slope reduces a sort of illusion which makes it seem as if one were higher than the dome of the capitol or even the peak of the Washington monument. But a small part of the 500 acres in the property is cleared land. Nearly all is in a primeval woodland, and through it run 10 miles of winding walks and macadamized roads, lined with shrubbery of all American and foreign varieties which will grow in this climate, set wherever an opening in the native foliage gives place. It is indeed a delightful retreat, and yet, as the veteran said, there is here abiding melancholy, and many an inmate has sought release from the dread monotony by rushing voluntarily into the great unknown.

On the day of my first visit there was unusual animation. In the summer house and at each group of benches in the grounds discussion was in progress, for the old soldiers were wonderfully interested in the strikes and riots, and their views were well worth listening to. Perhaps it was from professional feeling, but they were without exception severe in denunciation of the rioters, and many a curious story was told by actual participants of times when the regulars were called out to face mobs, the reminiscences extending as far back as 1837, and this leads me on to speak of the fact which astonished me most—the great age of many of the inmates. The most noted veteran went into a hospital in 1891 at the age of 93 and died a few weeks later of pure old age. Another one died a few weeks ago at the age of 91. The youngest man in the institution is but 22, and the oldest one at present is 90. It must be noted that this differs from the various soldiers' homes scattered through the country in that it was established 10 years before the war, and it is for the regular army exclusively, although a few men of the volunteer army have been admitted temporarily.

A Veteran of Four score.

Equally remarkable is the variation in the length of service. One inmate had served but four months when admitted and 40 but one year or less. The average therefore is about 20 for each term of two, three, four years, etc., until the eighteenth year term is reached, after which it increases rapidly. There are in the home 82 men who served 19 years, 32 of 20 years' service, 70 of 21 years, 35 of 22 years, 40 of 23 years, and so on, with a gradual decline to the two honored veterans, one of whom served 33 years and the other 34, the last being at present among the oldest men in the institution and not only in good preservation for a man of 80, but a very pleasant and intelligent gentleman. His name is Frederick L. Colclaser, native of Pittsburgh, and his first enlistment was dated Sept. 23, 1832, for the Black Hawk war, his discharge and admission to the home occurring 34 years, 8 months and 24 days afterward. He served in the Florida war under Colonel Lindsay, Second artillery, in the Mexican war in the Fifth infantry, in several Indian wars in various commands, and four years in the war for the Union and thereafter 18 years in New Mexico. The home dates from 1851, and its founder, if it had any one founder, was General Winfield Scott.

In February, 1829, he urged upon congress the duty of an establishment of this kind, supported by dues from the soldiers and wives and forfeitures, and in 1840 Captain Robert Anderson, since so famous, outlined a plan. In 1844 General Scott induced the house committee on military affairs to take the matter up, and in 1845, in transmitting to the secretary of war a draft for \$100,000, part of the tribute levied upon the City of Mexico, he urged that it be used for beginning an army asylum. The suggestion was adopted, and on March 3, 1851, the act became a law.

An Ideal Home. Twenty years' service entitles the veteran to a permanent home here, but on any shorter service he can remain only so long as his disability continues, and so far as can be determined by an inspection of the rolls not more than half of those now here may be considered permanent. One sees about the place quite a number of very young looking fellows, some of them much younger looking than their inscribed age, but inquiry shows that a surprising proportion of these are permanently disabled. And what sort of a prospect must this world present to a man of 25 who has received his sentence from the surgeons of chronic disability? No wonder there are suicides.

And yet the death rate is not large. In the year last reported there were 1,080 on the rolls at the close, of whom 980 were there at the beginning. There were 512 admitted during the year and nearly as many discharged after remaining various periods, and yet there were but 64 deaths. There is not in all this region a more healthful place. The high location, the open gravelly subsoil, the rolling land, splendid drainage and pure water, together with good food and ideally perfect buildings, combine to make it a first class sanitarium.

The Scott Building.

It was here that Lincoln used to say that he found the most satisfactory rest and comfort during his troubled administration. The old homestead building, known since being refitted as the Robert Anderson building, was the summer home of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Buchanan also occupied it at various times during his presidency, as also did Mr. Hayes and Mr. Arthur, and General Garfield had arranged to occupy it during the latter part of the season of 1881. The various buildings are named after our most famous generals, but the "Scott" so far exceeds all the others that it is the only one to excite the enthusiasm of the artist and the architect.

It is indeed a magnificent structure, in the Norman-Gothic style, 251½ feet long and 128½ feet wide, and constructed of white marble. Besides offices, library and other conveniences it has rooms for 440 inmates. The chapel is built of red stone, and Protestant and Catholic services are regularly maintained. It only remains to add in the statistical line that most of the inmates receive pensions, and those of the transients are reserved by the managers and paid to the family of the inmate or to him in a lump when he leaves, while those who have no pensions get \$1 per month each for spending money. Liquors are of course rigidly excluded, but tobacco is used in every way known to man, and immense quantities of it, I should say.

An Alsatian Hero.

Walking down the beautifully over-arched avenue from which the capitol is seen through a long green vista like a picture on a blue background, I talked at length with many of the veterans who sauntered that way or reposed on the grass, noted their varying speech and marveled at the strange vicissitudes which have brought so many men from so many lands together in this harbor of battered humanity. They are indeed of many lands and speak many languages.

One I talked with is an Alsatian, a hero of the war of 1870, defeated and a voluntary exile, and yet, after 15 years of service in our army, he speaks English only with great difficulty and can barely be understood.

Perhaps it was fancy, but it seemed to me there was a sad and faraway look in his eyes and a mournful tone in his voice, as if he still pined for his native land and mourned that she was now German territory, the spoil of a war in which he and his comrades were conquered.

There were also two Germans, schoolboys in Baden, comrades in the uprising of 1848, exiles, soldiers in our war for the Union and in the regular army since and brought together once more in this final retreat. There were several Frenchmen, a few Englishmen, one Russian and one Greek, but more Irishmen than men of any other race, if not more than all other races. Even of the native Americans many bore names which indicated an Irish extraction. Of colored soldiers I saw but three and was told that for months together there is none at the home, but whether foreign or native, colored or white, or of whatever age, all seem preternaturally grave and quiet. Though there are no rigid rules and they can come and go at will, very few are disposed to ramble much. There is no loud laughter, no exciting talk. Every one's motions seem slow and somewhat mechanical, and over all the grounds prevail peace that to an active outsider really passeth understanding.



J. H. BRADLEY.

MASONIC.

Who Shall Preside in the Worshipful Master's Absence?—Notes. Brethren, the mystic tie still binds; The great lights still appear; The mystic rays from east, west, south, We still with awe may hear.

Bro. J. Simpson Africa, past grand master of Pennsylvania, has the following to say regarding the rights of past masters: An erroneous impression prevails in certain localities that in the absence of the worshipful master of a lodge the oldest past master present has the right to preside. A past master is invested with no such authority. In the absence of the worshipful master the senior warden takes his station, and in the absence of both those officers the junior warden takes the station of the worshipful master. After any of these officers has "congregated" the lodge he may call a past master or any competent brother to preside, and such temporary officer derives his authority from the presence of the officer lawfully entitled to the chair. This was the law of the grand lodge when the Abimael Rezin of 1781 was adopted, and it remains unaltered.

Mozart, the composer of the beautiful "Marriage of Figaro," is supposed by those deep in music-mystical lore to have been a Mason, but this is not certain, although his "Magic Flute" reveals the mysteries of Isis with Masonic significance.

Large accessions are expected to the Knights Templars during the rest of this year, preparing for attendance at the triennial convocation in Boston.

A temple to cost not less than \$60,000 is to be erected by the Ancient and Accepted Order of Scottish Rite Masons of St. Louis.

In the Masonic home at Utica, N. Y., is a room called the "Cobbler's Den." It was fitted up by Bro. E. B. Gurnsey of Rochester lodge, who makes and repairs the shoes of the inmates of the home—50 in number.

There are 83,000 Masons in the state of New York.

At the celebration of the centennial of Reading lodge, No. 62, Governor Pattison and the grand lodge officers of Pennsylvania were present.

The convention and thirty-ninth annual reunion of the Ancient Scottish rite in Chicago was largely attended. Degrees from the third to the thirty-second were conferred.

The United States Masonic Benevolent association has \$300,000,000 of insurance in force. It is the largest strictly Masonic association in the country.

The Masonic order in New York is prosperous. The trustees have on hand about \$500,000 in cash, and the Masonic hall in New York city and the home in Utica are entirely free from debt and represent a value of over \$2,000,000.

UNITED WORKMEN.

A Good Year's Work in the Massachusetts Jurisdiction—Various Notes.

Grand Recorder Burt reports 33 new lodges in Massachusetts, 7 in Connecticut, 4 in Maine, 3 in New Hampshire, 3 in Rhode Island, a total of 29 for the year 1893. This record does not indicate a depression in the order, 22 of these lodges having been instituted since the commencement of the financial depression in the business world. These new lodges reported a total membership of 1,469 at the close of the year.

The grand lodge of New York at its recent session resolved to continue the plan of paying subordinate lodges \$3 bonus for each new member.

Over \$62,000 was paid to the widows and orphans in Missouri for March and over \$60,000 for April.

The grand lodge of Minnesota will meet at St. Paul on May 15.

Sioux Falls, Minn., recently initiated 183 members in one night. This is the third largest number ever taken into one lodge at one time.

Michigan had one assessment for April.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Coming Session of the Supreme Lodge, Notes by the Way.

On Tuesday, May 15, the supreme lodge of the order will convene in its twenty-third annual session at Cincinnati. Some of the questions that will come before that body will be the admission of women to membership on equal terms, biennial sessions of the supreme body and uniform rank.

The total membership in Missouri at present is about 5,000.

At the Massachusetts grand lodge session it was voted to change the laws of the grand lodge so that reports and per capita tax of subordinate lodges be in the hands of the grand reporter by Jan. 15 and July 15 of each year.

The average number of applicants since January has been over 1,000 a week.

The Missouri grand lodge at its recent session adopted a resolution that members addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors shall be precluded against their lodges. In some cases the grand lodges may withdraw their charters.

RED MEN.

Condition of the Order in the Indiana Reservation—Short Talks.

Redmanip in Indiana has enjoyed something of a boom for the past few great years, as the council reports will bear witness. The depression of the past few months has acted as a sort of brake on rapid strides, but it is simply a letting go, so to speak, to get a better hold.